



# CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

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FOUNDED BY ARTHUR MEE

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## THE ROUGH RIDERS REMEMBER

### *A Gallant Hundred Who Rode With a Famous Roosevelt*

UNDER the Arizona evening sky at Prescott a hundred old-time cowboys will be meeting round camp-fires to tell again of the adventure just 50 years ago which gave them a proud place in the story of Freedom.

These men are survivors of the gallant band of "Rough Riders" from the ranges of the south-western States who, under Theodore Roosevelt, went to Cuba during the Spanish-American War and helped to free the island from long years of Spanish domination and misrule.

Fifty years ago, on July 17, 1898, the Spanish general at Santiago surrendered to the United States Army and thus Cuba was freed.

Chief toast of the old warriors who are now gathered in Arizona is always to the redoubtable Teddy Roosevelt, who sounded the bugle call throughout the south-west of the United States and rounded up the ranchers to cross the sea to Cuba. Wearing woollies under their uniforms, the Rough Riders assembled at San Antonio, Texas, in May 1898 and then rode across country to Tampa in Florida, where they embarked. The official army authorities were not prepared for such a rough, bold company, who came with the tan of the ranges on them, and with the smell of horses and the open air. Their self-styled "Colonel," who sat his horse with a kind of gay bravado, marched into the headquarters and demanded accommodation for his men and immediate transportation to Cuba. He was told his men were untrained and inexperienced in warfare, but Roosevelt knew that the resolute 500 men he led were worth a thousand raw recruits from the cities.

That claim was quickly confirmed in the fighting in Cuba. They had their first baptism of fire on June 24 in the Battle of Las Guasimas, and that night, sitting round their fires, trying to

keep warm in the cool tropical night, the Rough Riders pledged that when they got back home they would start an association which would "live as long as any of us live."

A week later these bold men, imbued with a hatred of oppression and cruelty which they had seen in Cuba, led the assault on the Spanish forces on San Juan Hill with Teddy Roosevelt in the van. "My men," he said afterwards, "became veterans in that battle... They were natural fighters, men of great intelligence, great courage, great hardihood and physical prowess; and I could draw on these qualities and upon their spirit of ready, soldierly obedience to make up for any deficiencies in the technique of the trade which they had temporarily adopted."

Their first march in Cuba was a 14-mile trek from the beach at Siboney towards Santiago, the capital. Through jungle and marsh, which is now rolling pastoral country, the Rough Riders, some on horseback and some on foot, pushed ahead with the regular soldiers of the army. At El Caney they found a group of dirty hovels occupied by poverty-stricken natives. Today it is an area of beautiful homes.

Where Roosevelt and his Rough Riders made their historic charge on San Juan Hill the Cuban Government has erected a

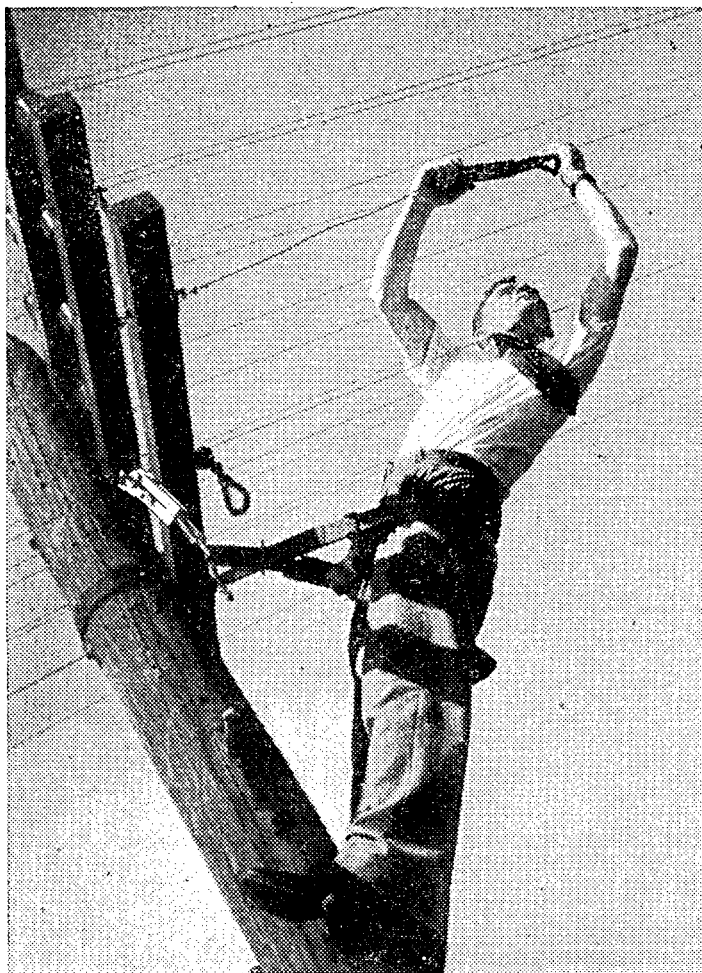
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## BLOWING HER OWN TRUMPET



Five-year-old Marie Fawbert, of Stonebroom, Derby, is here seen playing a cornet solo in a band.

## HIGH ENDEAVOUR



This student at a G.P.O. training school has chosen telephone engineering as a career. He is seen at work on overhead wires.

## A Friendship Centre For Youth

STUDENTS past and present from many nations have been celebrating in Paris the founding of an Old Boys' Association at the unique Cité Universitaire. Following a meeting to decide the rules of the Association, 200 former students joined with boy and girl Paris undergraduates of today in a dance and reception.

Young people of 53 nationalities are represented at the Cité Universitaire, which was started in the nineteen-twenties, and forms part of Paris University. Situated close to the former city walls of the capital, and not far from the famous Sorbonne and the Luxembourg Gardens, this remarkable centre consists of a series of attractive buildings in the national style of the students who live in them. British students have their own building, as also have the Americans, Canadians, Belgians, Dutch, Spaniards, Swedes, and Danes.

### All-Nation Committee

Each student has a separate bedroom, and there is an all-nation Committee through which the boys and girls control their affairs, arrange social or sporting events, and provide financial help for those in need.

French students have their own spacious building, and in the middle of this miniature city of learning and universal friendship is the Maison Internationale, where all the students meet for meals and recreation. Here is a self-service restaurant where fifty languages may be heard spoken all at once. In the same building are a modern swimming-pool, gymnasium, library, and a small theatre, where the students present their own plays and concerts. The Cité also has its own gardens, tennis courts, running track, and playing fields for the recreation of the young students.

It is hardly surprising to know that there is a long waiting list of prospective students for the Cité Universitaire, which is doing so much to bring together in a congenial atmosphere the young people of many races and religions. Truly, this is a university in the fullest and finest sense of the word.

## Olympic Athletes of Deathless Fame

THE Olympic Games, soon to begin in London, will recall to many a reader those immortal Odes written by Pindar, the Greek poetic genius, to celebrate the victors in the Olympic and other festival games of his day, 24 centuries ago.

The friend of princes, and himself claiming descent from a monarch, Pindar regarded the competitors at the contests he watched as little less than gods. The young men he saw running foot-races, wrestling, boxing, throwing the discus, chariot-racing, and so forth, were mighty heroes indeed to him, and he wrote poems on them that remain from the fifth century B.C. still supreme in the world's greatest literature.

Why should he confer literary immortality on Theron of Agrigento, on Psamnis of Camarina, on Diacoras the Rhodian? Because Theron won two chariot races at Olympia, because the winning chariot of Camarina was drawn by four horses, and because Diacoras of Rhodes, the amateur Joe Louis of his day, won the boxing. To this Greek poet the charioteers with their four-in-hand teams naturally claimed comparison with the Olympian gods, who coursed the skies in silver chariots drawn by gold-shod celestial steeds.

Pindar wrote 14 odes on the Olympic Games, 12 on the Pythian Games, 11 on the Nemean Games, and 8 on the

Isthmian. Nearly all of them immortalise "nobodies," yet enshrine their victories by memorials of inspired phrase—more permanent than bronze or marble. He wrote 17 books, but all are lost except the four on athletics at the Games. Lost, too, is every note of the music, said to have been magnificent, that he composed for his odes to be sung to.

But the athletes and the charioteers he celebrated in his day "live" as real men worthy to challenge comparison with competitors in our Olympic Games, 24 centuries after Pindar sang his songs of praise in their honour.

## THE ROUGH RIDERS REMEMBER.

Continued from column 2

splendid memorial to their fame.

Santiago was entered by the riders of freedom on July 13, and the men from the ranges found a city of filth and squalor, the result of years of inefficient administration. Today, in a statue of Theodore Roosevelt, one of the city's honoured monuments, a beautiful Santiago salutes the leader of the men who brought to it freedom.

The memories of the hundred men who rode with Roosevelt are stirred each year as they meet with the memorable words which he spoke to them in farewell in September 1898: "For just about ten days," he said,

"you will be over-praised and over-petted; then you will find the hero business is over for good and all. Let each return to his allotted task with his heart and strength to win success in the only way it can be won, asking no consideration of the past, but demanding to be judged each on his merits in the actual work of the day."

The leader of the Rough Riders became a much-loved President of the United States, and many of his men, too, rose to heights of power and importance. But they all believe that their best days were when they rode for Roosevelt and carried the banner of liberty to Cuba.



# PLANNING THE HEALTH OF THE NATION

*The C.N. Special Correspondent has recently visited Geneva, where he attended the first Assembly of the World Health Organisation. He has sent us the following notes.*

THIS beautiful city on the shores of Lake Geneva and on the Rhône has once again become host to an important international gathering. This time the lofty halls of the Palace des Nations, a magnificent building dedicated to the cause of international co-operation, echo speeches made in many tongues in the defence of one of the noblest causes in the world—the health of mankind.

What is the World Health Organisation? What are its tasks? Dr Stampar, the Yugoslav Chairman of the Organisation, put it in his opening speech quite simply: "The Assembly is to secure international agreement on raising the standards of health and preventing avoidable suffering."

Not a few people would ask: Why secure international agreements when our country, and other lands as well, do all they can to do exactly the same that WHO intends to do? The answer to this is simple. We

must not judge the standards of other, less-developed, countries by those of western Europe. In our own country we are accustomed to have our doctor at beck and call, to be able to find a chemist day and night, to secure the aid of a hospital or an ambulance whenever we may need them. And, in addition, there is the great—and still ever-growing—science of preventing disease, which is of such tremendous help in bringing up ever stronger, healthier, and longer-lived generations of people.

## Scarcity of Doctors

But this by no means applies to all lands. There are still countries where epidemics ravage the population, where a doctor is a rarity, and where medicines are practically unobtainable. It is mostly to help these nations that WHO has been set up. Help given to these peoples may—indirectly—also mean help to ourselves. For diseases, and especially infectious diseases, cannot be easily contained in one country. They spread and, particularly in these days of rapid air transport, threaten everybody.

It is mainly for these reasons that a certain amount of international co-operation in health matters has existed for centuries, at least in our part of the world. Quarantines are perhaps the best examples of this type of co-operation. But today the need for international work in health matters is vastly greater.

Large numbers of people have, as a result of the war, lived in most unhealthy conditions, moved on foot thousands of miles, been housed in abominable camps. It is not surprising that tuberculosis and other grave diseases have spread rapidly, particularly in Europe, but also in China and other Asiatic countries. It must not be forgotten also that large tracts of many continents are the breeding grounds of such diseases as malaria, which kills more people than even modern wars.

## The Great Battle

This is only a part of the great battle against ill-health, and the unhappiness which it causes, which WHO has now entered. Unlike after the First World War, Allied statesmen this time thought it important to mobilise all the great scientific and technical resources standing at mankind's disposal to fight for the health of humanity. Very much work has already been done although the Organisation is not yet three years old.

The present Geneva Assembly is the first official meeting of the properly constituted WHO, for hitherto there were not enough States taking part in the work of the organisation to enable it to carry out effective schemes.

It is the fact of close co-operation in health matters between East and West, between the more and the less advanced countries, which, taking shape in this quiet atmosphere of Geneva, gives mankind new hope that good will and the idea of international friendship may yet prevail.

# Staying On at School

IN 1947 there were 12,000 more young people staying at school until the ages of 16, 17, and 18 than there were in 1938; and there were 107,356 candidates for the School Certificate in 1947 compared with 77,000 in 1938; and 75.1 per cent passed the examination in 1947 as against 71 per cent in 1938.

It is also significant that in 1947 Religious Knowledge was taken as a subject by 30,000 students, while only 13,918 took it in 1938.

These facts are revealed in the annual report of the Ministry of Education (Stationery Office, 3s 6d).

The number of teachers in primary and secondary schools grew from 187,510 in 1938 to 195,513 in October 1947, although in that month there were some half a million fewer pupils.

The question of the size of classes, states the Report, is still a serious one, for in 1947, out of a total of 154,433 classes, there were 20,524 with more than 40 children.

## Giants on Parade



These grotesque figures swayed their way through a recent folk-love festival at Brussels.

## THE WORLD'S LARGEST AIRPORT

THE largest and most modern commercial airport in the world has been opened this month at Idlewild within the city limits of New York. This makes New York the world's greatest air terminal city, for, together with LaGuardia airport, it can now handle fifty-eight million air passengers every year—should that number wish to visit or pass through New York.

Idlewild is on Jamaica Bay at the south of the borough of Queens on Long Island. It is only 12½ miles from the very heart of New York, and about four miles from Brooklyn.

The new airport has four runways, of which the first two are now in use. These are 6000 and 8000 feet long; the other two are to be 8200 and 8000 feet long. There is also an approach pier running 3000 feet into the Bay.

Europe, too, is to have a fine new international airport at Kloten, near Zürich. When this is completed next year it will be able to take the largest planes and will have three runways, 7800, 5700, and 4600 feet long. The longest of these, for instrument landings, will be ready soon.

# WORLD NEWS REEL

**RESTORING A GEM.** The beautiful Ponte Santa Trinità, in Florence, which was destroyed by the Germans in 1944, is being restored. Parts of the bridge have been recovered from the river bed, and those missing are being copied from old photographs.

The largest ship ever built in Australia, the Iron Yampi, 12,500 tons, is on her way to Newcastle on her maiden voyage, bringing 10,000 tons of iron ore. She was built at Whyalla.

In Switzerland all food rationing has been abolished. In Australia meat rationing has ended.

Australian engineers at Sydney have completed tests of a fire protection system for aircraft engines. It is claimed that, by the new device, fire from one or more of the motors can be eliminated by the pressing of a button in the cockpit.

**DADDIES WELCOME.** A man has been elected to the Committee of the Girl Guides Association at Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia. Other men have been invited to become members.

At the first conference of the newly-formed International Union of Architects at Lausanne recently, Sir Patrick Abercrombie was elected President.

Constellation air liners of Panair do Brasil are now flying from London to Rio de Janeiro in less than 30 hours via Paris, Lisbon, Dakar, and Recife. The time to Buenos Aires is under 36 hours.

To find out what must be done to obtain Dominion status for Southern Rhodesia, the Colony's Parliament has appointed a Select Committee.

**WATER POWER.** Two schemes have been submitted to the Uganda Government for harnessing the Owen Falls, over which the White Nile flows as it leaves Lake Victoria.

The ruler of the oldest Yoruba state, Aderemi I, the Oni of Ifé, which is in Southern Nigeria, has arrived in Britain for a Conference. He and the Nigerian Government have lent to the British Museum a collection of beautifully-executed ancient bronze heads, most of them found near his palace.

# HOME NEWS REEL

**TOLL OF THE ROAD.** In May 105 children were killed on the roads, 83 being pedestrians and 17 cyclists. Total deaths were 301, the lowest figure for May since monthly road accident records began.

To meet the growing demand for postage stamps, the G.P.O. is aiming at producing 1,500,000 books of stamps a week.

It has been proposed that penny-in-the-slot hair-drying machines should be installed at Lewisham swimming baths.

Following the booking of an order valued at more than £750,000 by a Bolton firm, a complete rayon-spinning plant of British manufacture is to be set up in China.

**JERKS EXPERTS.** Delegates from over 50 countries are to attend the three-day international Congress on Physical Education, Recreation, and Rehabilitation, which opens in London on July 23.

Lilian M. Penson, has been elected Vice-Chancellor of London University for 1948-49. She is University Professor of modern history at Bedford College.

A black cat was hauled out of the water at Morecambe Bay, four miles off shore by a group of holidaymakers. After a bowl of milk and meat the cat fully recovered.

A new stained-glass window for St Martin's Church, Acton,

is to be bought by sixty couples who have been married in the church.

**MODEST HERO.** A young man at Chelmsford recently plunged fully dressed into the river and rescued a boy of six; he put the boy in a taxi and sent him to hospital, and then hurried away without disclosing his identity.

A Birmingham schoolgirl, Daphne Hazel Briggs, has won the first Women's Legion Scholarship in Aeronautical Engineering. It is worth £200.

The earnings of British shipping this year are expected to amount to £40,000,000. Last year they were £17,000,000.

The C.N. acknowledges with thanks a gift of £5 for the Children's Village at Trogen, from E and H.

**NELSON MEMENTO.** The invalid cup from which Lord Nelson drank at Trafalgar just before he died has been acquired by the Scottish National Naval and Military Museum at Edinburgh Castle.

Three thousand pounds was paid in London recently for a brown ink drawing of a woman by Rembrandt. It measured only 6½ by 5½ inches.

Minnie, the ship's cat of HMS Victory, has just died after 14 years on the ship's books, during which time she has produced 113 kittens.

# YOUTH NEWS REEL

**RANGER WEEK.** Empire Ranger week is being celebrated from July 18 to 25. This is the Guide Movement's outstanding event of the year and special events are taking place throughout the Commonwealth.

A bed has been named in the children's ward at Beckenham Hospital in memory of Victor Gosing, Cornwall Scout, of the 1st West Wickham Group, who died in 1946 as a result of air-raid injuries.

The Discovery, the Sea Scout training-ship on the River Thames, is undergoing repairs to the masts and will be reopened to Scouts and the public as soon as the work is completed.

Rover Scout Edward Bates of the 25th Medway Group, Kent, has been awarded the Cornwell Scout Badge for his heroism while suffering from a crippling bone disease.

**AIR GIRLS' RALLY.** The Duchess of Kent will take the salute from over 1500 cadets of the Women's Junior Air Corps at Hendon Aerodrome on Saturday afternoon, July 17. At the Rally the corps' own aeroplane is to be named.

About 2500 officers and boys attended a Church Parade of the Birmingham Battalion, Boys' Brigade, held during a week-end conference of N.C.O.s of the West Midlands District.

## UNCONQUERED

MISS EVE HARDIMAN, a law student of Birmingham University, has triumphed in spite of a great affliction. Aged 28, she has been blind for eleven years, yet recently she graduated as a Bachelor of Law with honours.

She took notes at lectures on a machine that types Braille shorthand, afterwards transcribing the notes on thick paper by means of a Braille typewriter. At her examination the questions were translated into Braille for her, and she answered them by using an ordinary typewriter.

Here was a wonderful achievement; may her hope of recovering her sight be fulfilled.

Another victor over physical disability is Mr E. Goodstein, of Worthing. He is unable to use his fingers or his feet, yet not long ago in his three-wheeled invalid car, which has less than half the power of a motor bicycle, he made a long business journey on the Continent, crossing the St Gothard Pass, which is 6935 feet high.

## A Roving Fish

No wise fish, said the Mock Turtle in "Alice," would go anywhere without a porpoise. "Why," he continued, "if a fish came to me, and told me he was going on a journey, I should say, 'With what porpoise?'"

A plaice that was caught at Brixham not long ago was certainly unaware of the purpose of its journey there. But it had one, for it had been previously marked with a disc by scientists studying the movement of fish.

This plaice, after being marked, had started its journey at Rye, and in 368 days had swum from there to Brixham, 200 miles away, and had grown about half an inch on its journey.

The Gryphon, hearing the story, would doubtless have informed Alice solemnly: "That's why they're called plaice, because they go from one place to another!"



## A Call to Adventure

IN the New Hebrides islands, far away in the south-west Pacific, is an empire of forgotten acres for which Australia is prepared to receive applications.

These 100,000 acres of fertile land belonged originally to Sir James Burns, the Pacific pioneer. From his earliest days in the South Seas he was interested in the New Hebrides, and especially the cool southern islands, and directed some of his great energy to the encouragement of British settlement there. As a good Scot he also assisted the Presbyterian Church to go to this group, and it is one of the few places in the Pacific Islands where Presbyterian missionaries may be found today.

Soon after the Commonwealth was created, Sir James turned over to the Australian Government all his companies' land interests in the New Hebrides, on condition that Australia en-

couraged the settlement of British planters there. Australia took over the responsibility and established its representative in Port Vila.

That was over forty years ago, and still the land awaits tenants. Leases for this land are available at extremely low rates. To plant coconuts or anything else in the New Hebrides is, however, a hazardous business. Labour is hard to get, and so are building materials, but the New Hebrides is one of the corners of the earth where individual enterprise from the start will reap good harvests. The man who will take on a few acres there need not starve; he will not be heavily taxed, and there is a fine life in the sun and fresh air. Sir James Burns's company in Australia invites correspondence with would-be Pacific adventurers, and the address is 7 Bridge Street, Sydney, New South Wales.

## Another Sprinting "Mac"

WHEN Britain's Olympic chances were being summed up at the opening of the present season, the list of probable men to represent this country in the sprints did not mention Alistair McCorquodale.

This 22-year-old Coldstream Guards officer has suddenly shot into the limelight by beating McDonald Bailey several times in recent events. And anyone who can do that must be good.

Alistair McCorquodale, who weighs 14 stone, was never keen on athletics at school. At Harrow his game was cricket, in which he still retains an active interest. It was not until last year that he began to interest himself in athletics, mainly in Army circles. His long, easy stride and his great enthusiasm soon put him ahead, but it was not until he was taken in hand by Guy Butler, the former British Olympic sprinter, that McCorquodale ran into the front rank of our Olympic possibilities.

In one of his victories over McDonald Bailey he covered the 100 yards in 9.9 seconds. It is clear that the English Selectors will have to consider this second "Mac" for our Olympic team.

## KEEPING IN TOUCH

AUSTRALIANS probably send more telegrams to each other than any other people in the world. Last year, their Postmaster-General reported recently, they sent on an average four and a half telegrams each.

This sending of "wires" might be considered natural in so vast a country, where long-distance telephone conversations would prove expensive; yet in the USA last year Americans sent only an average of 1.5 telegrams per person. In Britain the figure was 1.1.

## Berkhamsted Belles

WHEN Berkhamsted School, Hertfordshire, celebrated its diamond jubilee recently, a party of old girls of the school pealed the bells of the ancient parish church.

The school was founded in 1888, and was endowed with surplus funds from the famous Berkhamsted Grammar School, which was established in 1523 by a dean of St Paul's. The Girls' School began in a house in the High Street, and moved to new buildings in 1902. Mrs Winston Churchill was a pupil there.

## CELEBRATING THE PEACE

DEEP in the forests of Johore, north of Singapore, a forest officer recently came across an isolated group of 81 Malay tribesfolk hiding from the Japanese, who, they thought, were still occupying their country.

They had fled from their villages in 1942, and ever since had dwelt in this remote wilderness, not daring to venture forth for news.

At first they would not believe the officer when he told them the war had been won three years ago, and that the Japanese had departed from Malaya. They thought this was a trick to trap them, and challenged him to bring a European to prove his statement.

So the South Johore European Health Officer journeyed up the Johore River, and the tribesmen, rejoicing to see him, held a belated peace celebration. Although they had been living for six years solely on bananas, yams, and tapioca, they were in excellent health.

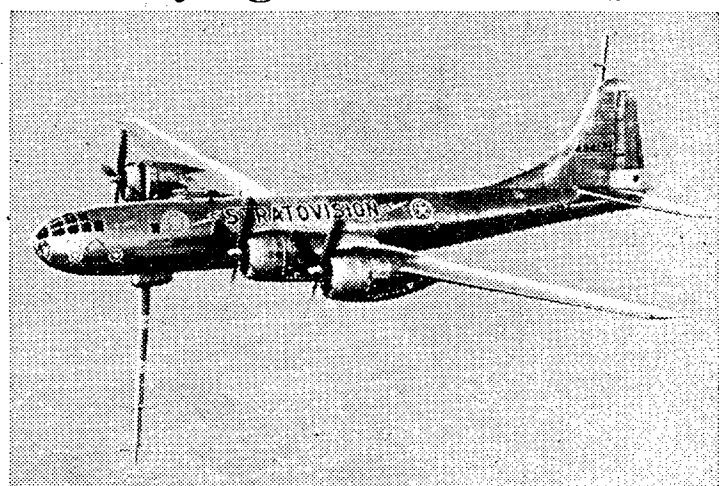
## Is Vanguard Too Big?

PREPARATIONS for the reception of HMS Vanguard in Australian ports, with the King and Queen and Princess Margaret on board, early next year are causing some concern in the Commonwealth. It seems that Brisbane, Melbourne, and Adelaide, all being situated on rivers, are at present unable to berth the largest British battleship, for Vanguard has a standard displacement of 42,500 tons (about 50,000 tons full load), with an overall length of 814 feet, a beam of 107½ feet, and a maximum draught of about 31 feet.

Melbourne is considering dredging a channel to overcome the difficulty, but this may not be possible. However, a plan is being submitted to the Naval Board by the Victorian Government.

Brisbane can do very little, for no ship over about 550 feet in length could negotiate certain bends in the tortuous course of the Brisbane River. As regards Adelaide, the Torrens River is rather shallow for a battleship's deep draught.

## The Flying Television Station



THE limited range of television is due, as most of us know, to the fact that the waves from the transmitter have something of the characteristics of light rays, and tend to travel in a straight line. They are, therefore, reluctant to follow the curvature of the Earth and are impeded by hills or mountains.

An interesting attempt to overcome this handicap is being made in America. The four-engine plane in the picture above is a Super Fortress which has been equipped with a television receiver and a transmitter. It is circling at a height of 25,000 feet above the city of Pittsburg, and a television broadcast from a ground station is being picked up on the antenna on top of the tail fin. The receiver is connected to the transmitter, and the picture

received is simultaneously relayed from the antenna projecting beneath the nose of the plane.

The great altitude, of course, widely extends the range, and it has been found that pictures relayed from the plane can be received satisfactorily on the ground within a radius of more than 250 miles from the plane. Thus it will be seen that by developing this experiment to the extent of having a number of these flying stations in the air at the same time, spaced out at appropriate distances, a television programme transmitted from a single station on the ground could be relayed from one plane to another and broadcast over an entire continent. The area covered by such a system would be limited only by the number of aircraft available.

## Four Shillings to Feed a School

AN old custom of Nottingham High School for boys was revived recently after a ten-year break due to the war. It is the distribution of bread, ale, and cheese after the Founders' Day service.

When Dame Agnes Mellers, of Nottingham, made her will in June 1513 she bequeathed four shillings to cover the cost of this distribution. This may have been sufficient in the sixteenth century, but now it will provide only small token amounts, for bread now requires units before it can be bought, cheese is rationed, and the 1s 4d allocated for ale would not buy more than a pint!

However, the ceremony was revived when the Lord Mayor entertained school representatives and prominent citizens to the traditional distribution. The four boys—the school captain and the House captains—who were present ate bread and cheese, but their tankards contained good plain water!

## A WOMAN NAMES AN ENGINE

THE ceremony of naming one of the new Battle of Britain class engines, Hawkinge, was carried out at Dover recently by Air Commandant Felicity Hanbury, MBE, Director of the WAAF. She was the first woman to name an engine on the Southern Region of British Railways. She won the MBE for courage and devotion to duty at Biggin Hill airfield.

The Hawkinge, named after a front line Fighter Command station, is one of 42 new Battle of Britain class engines which will all bear names associated with the Battle.

## PLAYING GOLF FOR 24 HOURS

ON what is claimed to be the most northerly golf course in the world, near the Yellowknife River in northern Canada, traders and prospectors of this remote region played in a golf tournament lasting for 24 hours continuously.

They played right through the night, but had plenty of light all the time, as the contest took place on one of the days when the sun does not set in this latitude.

The Yellowknife River flows into the Great Slave Lake.

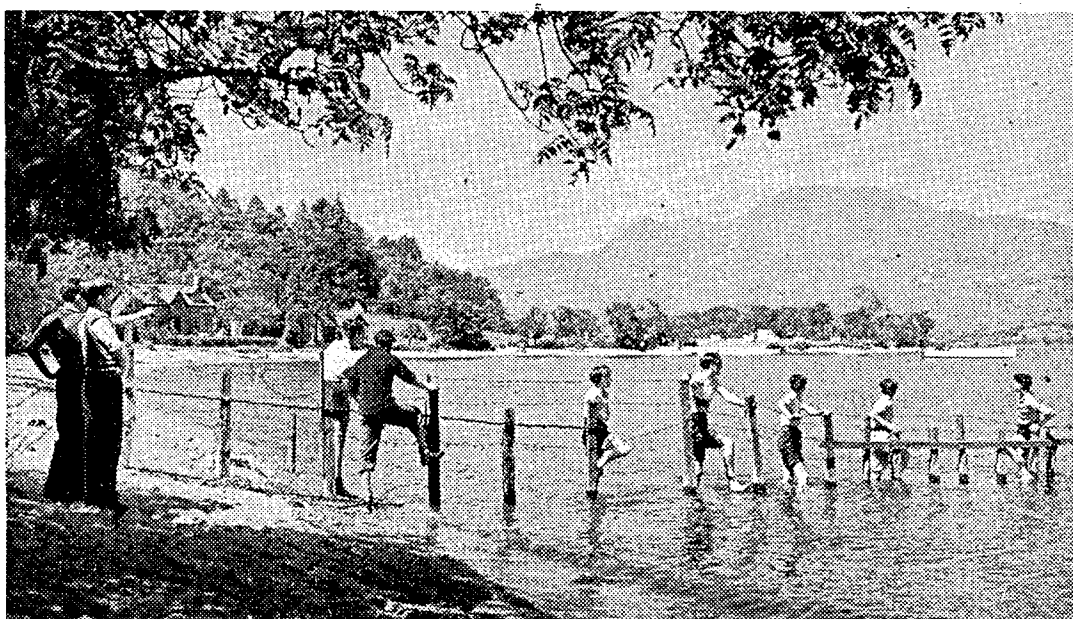
## Down Memory Lane

MISS BARBARA STONE, aged 79, who passed on not long ago at Bury St Edmunds, left her savings of £80 to found a room where old folk of the town could enjoy a chat together.

Miss Stone had been a charwoman in London before she retired to a cottage at Bury St Edmunds. Her delight was to talk with other elderly people about old times. She loved to dwell on her own memories of the years when she had been in service in big houses.

When she was in hospital during her last illness, she seemed to know that she was going on her long journey, and the kindly thought came to her of providing a meeting-place for the companions she was leaving. She told a friend about her savings, hidden in a chest of drawers at home, and instructed her to use the money for this purpose.

Not long ago the Mayor of Bury St Edmunds opened the Barbara Stone Room at the Town Hall.



## The Bonnie, Bonnie Banks

At an estimated cost of several million pounds, Scotland is to turn some of her famous beauty spots into holiday resorts. Our picture shows the "bonnie, bonnie banks of Loch Lomond," one of the areas affected by the scheme.



## Sister Mary of the Canal-Boats

SISTER MARY WARD, of Stoke Bruerne, Northamptonshire, has a unique job, for she has under her care all the boat-people who work for the eight companies navigating the canal waters between London and Birmingham.

Sister Mary began her work voluntarily over thirty years ago. Living in a charming house by the canal, she had always taken a friendly interest in the people who worked on the boats; and when, as a fully qualified nurse, she came home to care for her invalid father the boat-people began to go to her with their ailments.

Deciding to remain at home permanently, the care of the boat-people soon became a full-time occupation; and, after several years, Sister Mary's work of mercy received from the Grand Union Canal Company and others the official recognition it deserved.

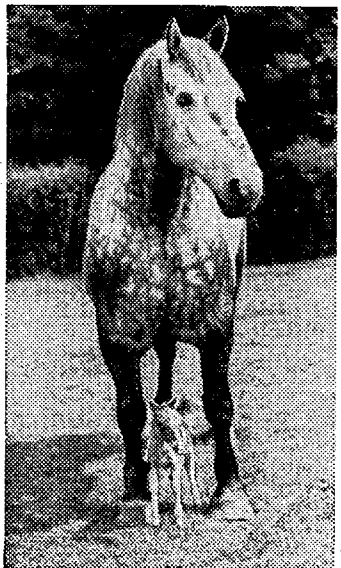
### Mistaken Courage

Accidents are frequent on the boats and these, at first, formed the major part of Sister Mary's cases. Then, gaining the complete trust of the boat-people, who are remarkably reticent in matters of ill-health, she persuaded them to report every ailment to her, no matter how trivial it seemed; for she soon discovered that in a mistaken spirit of courage they would allow an injury or a pain to go unattended, so that what could have been a minor, quickly-healed indisposition became a major illness. Nowadays, although the cases on Sister Mary's books number some hundreds a month, there are far fewer serious cases.

The confidence placed in Sister Mary by the boat-people is such that the smallest of the canal-children have implicit faith in her, even to the extent of taking to her any of their pets which fall ill; while often she is called upon to bandage a dog's or cat's paw that has been caught between two boats.

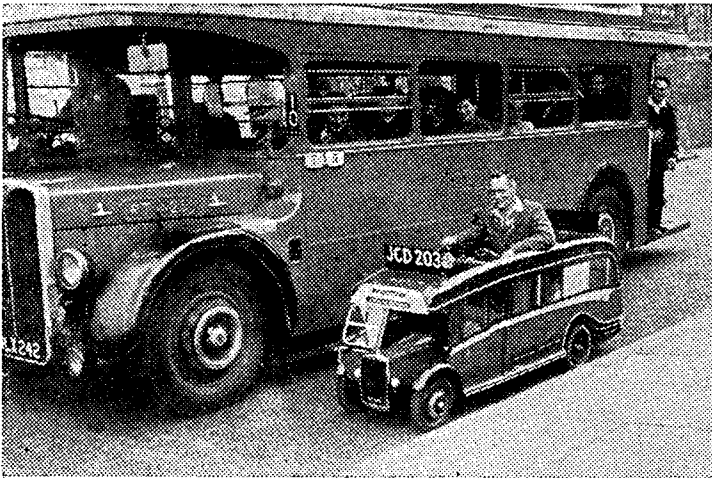
Sister Mary knows the boat-people individually by name, and she is loved and proudly acclaimed by them all.

### Dignity & Impudence



Punch, a giant Percheron who weighs 22 cwt, had to be careful where he was stepping when this two-week-old Shetland pony was about.

July 17, 1948



### 1 hp

Mr E. Johnstone, of Brighton, in one of the scale-model motor-coaches he has made. It has a one hp engine and will do 100 miles to the gallon.

## CHOOSING THE COLOURS WITH CARE

THE best choice of colour schemes for British Railways is not going to be easy because there are 940,000 different patterns to make a selection from! But it will not be quite so difficult as that may sound for, while that is what the scientists say is the largest number of colour combinations provided by the spectrum, every schoolchild knows that there are only seven grades in the solar spectrum, or rainbow—red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, violet. There are, of course, almost countless in-between variations, and these make up the huge number of colour designs that can be made.

Fortunately, and in some mysterious way, the human eye is extremely sensitive to certain colour schemes and not to others, and so the possible number of colour patterns is cut down to a manageable few. For instance, a mixture of brown and yellow colours for passenger coaches is not a good one; it makes many people "travel-sick." But, strangely, yellow and blue make a delightful combination. Teachers have discovered that yellow chalk writing on a dark blue "blackboard" has unusual

powers of arresting the attention of children, much more so than white chalk on a black surface. Green goes well with yellow. The best blackboards are neither boards nor black; they are rippled sheets of glass tinged green.

In some mysterious way colour has an effect on taste. Owners of hotels and restaurants know that it will never do to give the dining-room a colour arrangement that spoils the appetite. Blue, so good in a class-room, is out of place in a dining-room, for it is too frigid and lonesome. But the same room done up in gold and orange looks cosy and comfortable, stimulates the appetite, and draws the customers. For a workroom it is better to have two colours. Three walls painted a cream colour, and the fourth a green, makes for restfulness and soothes the temperament. In fact, the psychology of colour effects bristles with interesting problems, only a few of which have been probed.

So the railway authorities are right in experimenting with colour arrangements and asking for public opinion on the matter.

## Jungle Into Thriving Town

AN intensely human film shortly to be shown in British cinemas deals with the rise of the Rhodesian Copperbelt and the creation of a £30,000,000 industry in the heart of the African bush.

The story begins with a hunting scene back in 1902, when a gold prospector, Mr W. C. Collier, shot an antelope near Bwana Mukubwa. He and his native tracker, Kapijimpaga, followed the trail through the jungle and came upon the body of the antelope lying on an outcrop of metal that proved to be copper. That was the beginning of an industry that placed Rhodesia in the front ranks of world trade and prosperity.

More than 1000 miles from the nearest seaport, with roads that had to be hacked through the densest bush, and railways that are engineering marvels, the five towns of the Copperbelt are surely among the world's wonders. Before the coming of the European the area was riddled with malaria and other tropical diseases which took sad toll of the natives; but most of that was

changed with the building of modern hospitals and houses, and by organised sanitation.

All this is brought out in the film, which opens with Kapijimpaga in the jungle and then goes on to show him gazing at the same scene years later—a scene of bustling activity with hotels, schools, houses, and towering smoke stacks.

Gaumont British is responsible for this epic of the screen.

### THE SQUIRRELS OF HOOE

A CLASS of six-year-olds at Hooe County Primary School, near Plymouth, are busy being squirrels. Twenty-four boys and girls of the class belong to a Squirrel Club, and, like those thrifty little animals, the children are putting something aside for a rainy day. Each week they contribute an average of 25 shillings to National Savings.

The rest of the school is following their example. In six months the pupils' investments have jumped from £20 to £120.

## The Editor's Table

### THE GREAT OUT-OF-DOORS

HIGH summer is here, and the long hours of holidays are unfolding before the youth of our land. To the mountains and the moorlands, to the sea-coasts and the quiet valleys, the bustling towns are sending forth their boys and girls, their men and women to enjoy the free gift of sunshine and scenery, where

*Everything rejoices in the mellow rays,  
All earth's thousand voices  
Sing a psalm of praise.*

Our islands are small and compact enough to ensure that everyone who wishes to see their beauty with his own eyes can do so. Within the circle of a few score miles there is diversity of scene enough to satisfy all desires; and none of it is so remote that only the wildly adventurous can pass within the magic spell of the open countryside.

THAT is the real secret of Britain's beauty. It is intimate, personal, and yet sufficiently on the grand scale to inspire awe in the beholder. From Sty Head, Great Gable looks beyond the reach of ordinary man, but it is not far to the summit for a stout heart and a ready foot. In the same manner the rolling leagues of the South Downs await the average walker who likes to be up on high rather than in the valley.

Few special preparations are needed to capture the heights and ramparts of England. A friendly pair of shoes, a comfortable suit, and a willingness to walk have ever been the wherewithal of anyone who adventures

*Where the green fields edge the moor  
And the mountains lift and soar.*

THE youth of our land are better off than their fathers in the ways and means of travel. Youth hostels and camp sites have ensured the freedom of the land to thousands of young people. Their feet this summer will tread much high and lonely ground where the curlew calls and the buzzards swoop. They will regain health and vigour from the wind and sunshine and rain, Nature's three-fold gift which so blesses our islands.

The C.N. offers its good wishes to its readers on their holidays wherever in our beautiful countryside they may be claiming their just inheritance.

### The Unequalled Prayer

THE Lord's Prayer, for a succession of solemn thoughts, for fixing the attention on a few great points, for suitability to every condition, for sufficiency, for conciseness without obscurity, for the weight and real importance of its petition, is without an equal or rival. *William Paley*

### The Long Life

WHAT is the recipe for a long life? This problem has been discussed by the International Congress of Longevity, held at Vittel, in Southern France.

The Congress put happiness of mind as one of the biggest factors in living a long life. Generously-minded people, they said, tend to live longer than mean people; and a good family life is a great help.

It was also suggested that the peoples of the West should pay attention to the ideas of Eastern peoples. One Indo-Chinese expert said that inhabitants of the Western world did not know how to breathe, they breathed neither deep enough, nor regular enough. Further, he said, the peoples of the Orient sought long life and happiness by contemplating Nature in solitude, and achieving serenity of outlook.

And, we would add, it is never too soon to decide to live long.

### MY GARDEN IS A LOVESOME THING

THE English are a nation of gardeners, yet they are allowing some of their most beautiful and stately gardens to fall into neglect. The owners of these fairylands cannot afford in these times to keep them in the condition that delighted people of taste and leisure in days gone by. Where once poets and lovers of beauty walked on a soft sward beneath a tunnel of roses, now weeds and disorder encroach.

To save some of our best private gardens, the National Trust and the Royal Horticultural Society have formed a Gardens Committee, which is appealing for funds. Theirs is a fitting task, for our old gardens are as worthy of preservation as our old buildings, or scenes of natural beauty.

Donations for the Gardens Fund can be sent to the National Trust, 42 Queen Anne's Gate, London, S.W.1.

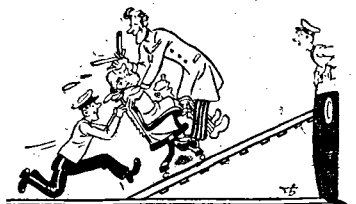
## Under the E

A FAMOUS comedian loves chopping wood. And sometimes chips his friends.

ALL bad road users should be penalised, says a correspondent. But why not repair the roads?

IT takes a young musician some time to find his feet. His hands are more useful.

WHERE does cauliflower begin and broccoli end? someone asks. In the ground and in a saucepan.



THE barber on a certain liner nearly missed his ship. Is used to close shaves.



## TRIBUTE

LONDON lad who had been working in a Kent cherry-orchard told the farmer that he wanted to go back home because he "missed Mother's cooking." We hope the lad told his Mother about it when he reached home, for the "cook and bottle-washer" only too often goes unthanked and unpraised.

## A Problem Nearly Solved

HOPEFUL words were spoken at Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia, recently by Mr L. E. W. Bevan, a veterinary research worker. He believes that science is on the verge of solving the problem of the tsetse fly. He thinks it is likely that human beings and animals will be immunised from the evil effects of the fly's bite. "If experts pooled their knowledge," he said, "and the Governments of the territories concerned gave more generous support, the solution would soon be obtained and 3,500,000 square miles of Africa opened up for beneficial occupation and the development of mineral resources." Let us hope that Mr Bevan's words will soon come true.

## The Jimp on the Handlebars

WE are becoming familiar with that small, scranny undesirable, the Jimp, who plays a leading role in the Ministry of Transport's Road Safety campaign. The Jimp is an imaginary state who represents the irresponsible element in our natures, the carelessness that makes us cross the street without looking, the selfishness that makes drivers try to race the lights. He perches on the handlebars of cyclists wobbling three abreast, or dances in front of heedless children hurrying to school. Let us banish the jimp from our roads.

## Editor's Table

PETER PUCK  
WANTS TO KNOW

If a house party  
ever turns out a  
little flat



At a London concert the orchestra took the audience by storm. He it had a lightning conductor.

THE State has its part to play, says Mr Churchill. Its Acts are Acts of Parliament.

BADGES are awarded to Finchley cyclists who pass a safety test. They must not run into it.

ICIANS are often temperamentally unbalanced. Cannot themselves.

EAKER warns the public against "sugar-box" furni- Even if it looks sweet.

## THINGS SAID

INITIATIVE, enterprise, thrift, good housekeeping, and natural ability must reap their just reward. Mr Churchill

JOHN WESLEY defined the aim of education as "a good life," and the elements of supreme importance for a good life are character, personality, and spirit. Sir Hamilton Fyfe

WHATEVER the future may bring about in India, I do not believe that the good opinion of this country which is now very generally held by the man in the street in India will be easily shaken. Lord Mountbatten

If you served meals on gold plates some visitors would not be satisfied. Councillor Mrs Vivian, of Margate

## The Menace to Oxford's Beauty

THE struggle to preserve England's heritage of beautiful scenery and noble buildings continues to be intense. A blow on the right side was struck recently by Viscount Simon when he protested strongly against the proposal of the military to keep Shotover, near Oxford, as a training ground.

Viscount Simon also spoke of the increase of noisy traffic in Oxford itself. No wonder, said he, that a stranger visiting Oxford for the first time and not well instructed in her history should exclaim:

"What a strange people the English are! Here in Oxford they have a bustling, prosperous, industrial town, and now they have gone and put a university in the very middle of it!"

Readers of the C N will agree with Viscount Simon that the preservation of the peculiar beauties of Oxford is a work for the whole of mankind.

## The Lesson of the Rolls

A BOY at my school, a cunning fox, for one penny ensured himself a hot roll and butter every morning for ever. Some favoured ones were allowed a roll and butter to their breakfasts. He had none. But he bought one one morning. What did he do? He did not eat it, but cutting it in two, sold each one of the halves to a half-breakfasted Blue Boy for his whole roll tomorrow. The next day he had a whole roll to eat, and two halves to swap with two other boys who had eaten their cake and were still not satiated, for whole ones tomorrow. So on ad infinitum. By one morning's abstinence he feasted seven years after.

Letters of Charles Lamb

## THE HERALD

Now hear the lark,  
The herald of the morn;  
whose notes do beat  
The vaulty heavens, so high  
above our heads  
Making such sweet divisions.  
Shakespeare

# CHAMPION OF CHAMPIONS

ADMIRER as are the cricket giants of today—Don Bradman, Denis Compton, and many others—there is no figure in cricket who stands out with such lustre as did Dr W. G. Grace. He was cricket's Champion of Champions and was born just a hundred years ago on July 18.

On the day of his centenary Dr William Gilbert Grace will be remembered with special affection and respect. We gladly render homage to other masters of cricket, but Grace's achievements remain unmatched. During his 43 years in first-class cricket he scored 126 centuries in his total of nearly 55,000 runs, and obtained close on 3000 wickets. For a quarter of a century Lord's Ground has possessed a special gateway, erected in his honour.

A doctor's son, born at Downend, near Bristol, he played cricket from an early age in the family orchard, with his father, uncle, and four brothers. So early did his powers ripen that at 16 he played for the Gentlemen against the Players as a fast bowler! The young fast bowler, who developed into a tricky "slow" and the greatest bat in the world, did not neglect his studies, but, trained at two famous London hospitals, he qualified as a physician and surgeon, and practised for 20 years at Bristol, where his famous brother, "E. M." was coroner.

Before he increased in weight, Grace, 6 feet 2 inches in height, was at home anywhere in the



Dr W. G. Grace

where he likes." For other men a score of 50 was then a rarity, but Grace repeatedly topped the century, the double century, sometimes the 300, and, once, the 400.

Captain of Gloucestershire, of the Gentlemen, of the MCC, and of England against the Australians both at home and in Australia, the black-bearded giant became a legendary figure, and drew crowds to every ground in his day just as the Australians draw them now.

When in his 47th year he, the first man to do so, scored 1000 runs in May, during which, in a match against Kent, he opened Gloucestershire's first innings, being last out after scoring 257; then, having fielded in both the Kent innings, he scored a smashing 73 not out, in an hour, to help his side to victory. He was in the field from the first ball to the last.

Towards the close of his career he managed and captained, from its formation, the London County Cricket Club at the Crystal Palace. After enjoying every honour that cricket-lovers had in their power to bestow on him, he died at Eltham, Kent, on October 23, 1915, amid war perils so grave that his quiet fading out from life was at the time little noted. But his record entitles him to remain known as cricket's champion of champions, an example to all who follow the pastime for, although a genial captain, he was a martinet if field discipline was relaxed while a game progressed.



THIS ENGLAND

A quiet scene in the Cotswold village of Lower Slaughter, Gloucestershire

# Finger Prints of Matter

A NEW film by Kodak records the passage of small particles of matter. This in some ways replaces the Wilson cloud chamber, which some readers of the C N may have studied in the Atom Train Exhibition.

The story of the cloud chamber is the story of a Scotsman and a mist. Walking one day through a typical Scotch mist, the Scotsman stopped to notice the lovely colouring of the sunlight seen through the mist. Being of an inquisitive nature, he wondered what caused the various colours. And there began the path that took Charles T. R. Wilson to the Jacksonian professorship at Cambridge, and to a Nobel prize in 1927.

He designed his cloud chamber, and it became one of the most powerful tools available to nuclear physicists. The cloud chamber enables the physicist to take pictures of the atoms he splits, or, more exactly, to take pictures of where the atom has been and the tracks that the split fragments leave behind them. Thus the scientist has direct visual evidence of the track of an atomic projectile hitting another atom, and the tracks of the fragments after the collision. This was done by making the atoms themselves leave a mist track in a chamber saturated with vapour.

Now the new photographic film will take over many duties of the cloud chamber.

## STAMP NEWS

FRANCE has issued a stamp to mark the centenary of the death of Chateaubriand. It



shows the famous author and the castle-like house where he wrote his Memoires d'outre Tombe.

THE New Zealand Post Office has announced designs for the Royal Visit Stamps to be issued next year. Of three values, 2d, 3d, and 5d, they will show the Waitangi Meeting House with inset portraits of Their Majesties, HMS Vanguard, and a group of the Royal Family.

NORWAY has issued a special stamp in honour of the 50th anniversary of the founding of "Det Norske Skolegelskap," a society for promoting forest culture. The stamp depicts Mr Heiberg, founder of the organisation.

FOR use during the period of the First World Health Assembly, now being held in Geneva, the Swiss Government is supplying specially overprinted stamps.

CZECHOSLOVAKIA has recently issued four commemorative sets. On May 14 a single stamp commemorated the abolition of Serfdom and the Prague Agricultural Exhibition; on June 10 four stamps were issued in honour of the XIth Sokol Congress; and on June 20 two sets to mark the "Century of Czech National Life in Kromeriz" and the "Centenary of the Constituent Assembly in Kromeriz."



## A GAME OF MANY GOALS

It may come as a surprise to learn that 23 countries are sending basketball teams to compete in the Olympics; for, although netball is a popular game amongst most schoolgirls in this country, basketball is not played in many British towns.

The Canadians and Americans, however, are experts at this terrific game, one of the fastest games in the world as played by the men who will form the Olympic teams at the Harringay Stadium. Each team has ten players, although only five of them are in the arena at the same time. The others act as substitutes and they can be used by the captain how and when he thinks fit. Players can run with the ball, dribble it, pass it and throw it, but only one hand must be used for throws. There is no offside and a goal is scored as in netball, by the ball dropping through the tiny net on top of a high post. It is nothing unusual for as many as 50 or 60 goals to be scored in one game of basketball.

## Wealth From New Forests

NEW ZEALAND apples and other foods are coming to us packed in cases made from the Dominion's new forests.

During the past forty years a million New Zealand acres have been planted with quick-growing pine trees, and now the oldest of these trees are being felled and turned into timber as fast as thousands of bushmen and the latest machinery can do the work.

New Zealand's old forests of native trees were mostly converted into building timber during the last hundred years, but the new forests of exotic pine trees are providing wealth amounting to millions of pounds a year by supplying the cheap timber so much needed by industries. The forests supplied the timber for the million bushel cases of apples shipped to Britain this year, and much pine timber is used for crates in which New Zealand cheese is packed.

## Steps to Sporting Fame



Aged 20, height 6 feet 3 inches. John Treloar is Australia's ace sprinter and fancied candidate for Olympic honours.



John's father was an army athlete, and, recognising his son's possibilities, he placed him on the right road without delay by handing him into the care of expert coaches.



Treloar was 16 when he first "broke evens" by winning the 100 yards in 9.9 seconds in a school's championship. At 18, he equalled the Australian record of 9.6 seconds.

## John Treloar



John is an ambitious athlete. He gave up Rugby in order to concentrate on sprinting, although he refuses to let running interfere with his engineering studies at Sydney.

## A BARRAGE FOR THE GANGES

EVERYONE is watching with sympathy and understanding the attempts of the young Indian Dominion to tackle the many problems which lie ahead. One such project, the development of the Ganges multi-purpose barrage, has just been approved by the Central Board of Transport in New Delhi.

The object of the scheme, as yet only in the early stages, is to improve the facilities of the Calcutta district by bringing under the plough vast areas now uncultivated, and by developing water transport.

The proposed barrage will supply water for irrigation in those areas where it is intended to accommodate refugees from near-by East Pakistan.

At the same time there will be a better water supply for the Hooghly River, the western arm of the Ganges delta, on which the docks at Calcutta depend for communication with the Bay of Bengal, 90 miles away. At present a roundabout route has to be taken through East Pakistan, involving a detour of 550 miles.

When, eventually, this vast undertaking is completed India's teeming millions will have moved further towards prosperity.

## A Scottish Arbor Day

AN interesting idea has been put forward by the Field Studies Council and the Tree Lovers' Society of Glasgow; it is that an Arbor Day should be appointed in every year for Glasgow and the West of Scotland, on much the same lines as practised in many states of America. In 1872 the State of Nebraska first set aside an "Arbor Day" on which schoolchildren planted suitable trees in specially chosen areas, and so successful was the idea that in the first year on the appointed day over a million trees were planted.

As well as increasing the number of trees in Scotland, it is the aim of the proposers of the scheme to interest children in trees and to teach young people to respect and admire them.

## A New Home For an Ancient Foundation

It is good news that the tradition of one of London's most ancient religious and charitable foundations, the Royal Hospital of St Katharine, is not to be broken by the new Health Act.

The Foundation's maternity and child welfare work in Poplar, in the East End, is to be taken over by the L.C.C., but the time-honoured Royal Foundation is to be re-established as near as possible to its original site, near the Tower of London.

This year is the eighth centenary of St Katharine's Hospital, for it was founded in 1148 by Queen Matilda, wife of King Stephen, as a home for poor men and women. In 1261 Queen Eleanor, wife of Henry III, enlarged the buildings, and from her time the Hospital was considered to be the property of the Queens of England. Queen Philippa—famous for interceding for the Calais burgesses—enlarged the Hospital, built a fine church, and increased its grounds to eleven acres.

As the property of his Queen, the hospital escaped the suppression of the Religious Houses by Henry VIII. It continued its noble work of religion and education until 1825—and then a terrible thing happened. The site was bought and this wonderful collection of ancient buildings,

which might have survived to be one of London's most beautiful monuments, was utterly destroyed to make way for St Katharine's Docks.

At that time these docks were not really required for London's trade; they were constructed purely in commercial competition with other docks already in use. The venerable buildings of St Katharine's, together with 1250 other houses—almost an entire parish—were swept away and their 11,300 inhabitants

## IN THE NEIGH-VEY

THE one and only horse on the Navy's ration roll at Devonport, Royalty, has been demobbed. He joined the Navy five years ago, and if he had hopes of going to sea they were disappointed, for he was kept at the job of pulling a roller over the cricket ground.

Naval rations, however, suited Royalty so well that he put on flesh until he weighed over a ton. Indeed, he ate so much that it was decided that it would be cheaper to employ an engine to roll the cricket ground, and to turn Able Seaman Royalty out to grass.

He left the Service in grand style, piped out by the band of the Royal Marines.

moved to other quarters. The ancient symbol of Christian charity was blotted out; even the graveyard was dug up and its contents carted irreverently away.

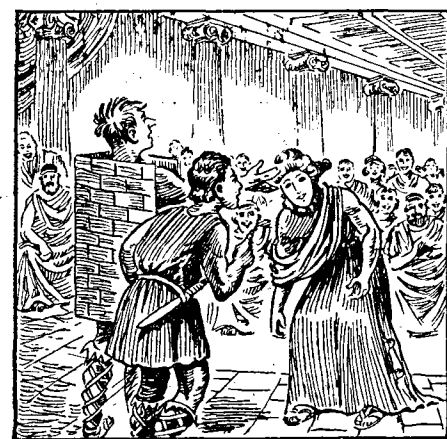
The soul of St Katharine's, however, was not lost though its body was gone. The Chapter of St Katharine's built a new Chapel and houses on the edge of Regent's Park. Here were brought many of the furnishings of the old: a richly-carved pulpit given by Sir Julius Caesar, rows of canopied 14th-century stalls adorned with queer beasts, the magnificent tomb of the Duke of Exeter who died in 1400, and many other treasures.

Here the Royal Hospital carried on boys' and girls' schools until 1914, when the Foundation's wealth, about £10,000 a year, was used to start maternity and child welfare work at the Royal College of St Katharine in Poplar.

Now this is to be taken over, but Queen Mary, the Patron of the Hospital, has approved a scheme to re-establish the Foundation on a religious basis near its original site. Its new home is to be at St James's, Ratcliff, and its first task will be to aid the Bishop of London's 1949 Mission, and to help old people.

Such is the very soul of tradition.

## A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM—Final Instalment of Shakespeare's Droll Comedy



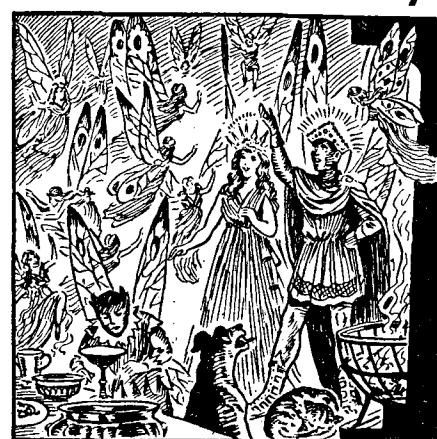
The play began. Snout came on as the wall surrounding the grounds belonging to Thisbe's father. Through a chink in this wall the lovers, Pyramus and Thisbe, were wont to whisper. Then Bottom, as Pyramus, came on and Snout held up his fingers to represent the chink. Through this, to the amusement of the audience, Pyramus and Thisbe arranged to meet later at an old tomb nearby.



The wall, Pyramus, and Thisbe then left the scene. The "lion" came on and explained—in case the ladies should be frightened—that he was only Snug the joiner! Then came Starveling the tailor and explained that his lantern represented the Moon. Thisbe arrived, the lion "roared" and she fled, dropping her mantle. Next Pyramus came, and thinking Thisbe dead, "killed" himself.



Thisbe returned, and in despair at finding her lover "dead," drew the dagger from his breast and duly despatched herself. Thus ended the "tragedy" which, because of the antics of the performers and their rustic speech, had moved the audience to laughter rather than tears. The Duke, however, praised their well-meant efforts and they concluded their entertainment with a merry dance.



After the wedding party had gone to bed, Oberon, Titania, Puck, and their train entered the palace to dance and bring good fortune to the newly-weds. Oberon directed: Every fairy take his gait. And each several chamber bless, Through this palace, with sweet peace; Ever shall in safety rest, And the owner of it blest. Trip away; Make no stay: Meet me all by break of day.

Watch This Page Next Week For the Opening Instalment of Gulliver's Travels, Told in Pictures



## Comedians at the Children's Zoo

By Our Own Correspondent

THE Children's Zoo has long been noted for its animal comedians. This season it has two "stars," both of which are giving visitors many good laughs—Flossie, a common goose; and Nancy, an Anglo-Nubian goat.

Flossie has a marked preference for male visitors, whether big or small. Waiting by the entrance gate at opening time she studiously ignores anyone wearing feminine attire, but "chums up" with the first man or boy who comes along. She then accompanies him round the enclosure, pecking playfully at his shoelaces until, as often as not, the victim has to implore a member of the staff to head the persistent Flossie off.

The goose is also extraordinarily inquisitive, a trait which sometimes brings her more than she bargained for. It certainly did so the other day. Flossie chanced to see a goat being dosed with some liquid paraffin, and—partly from curiosity, partly because she was afraid she was missing a treat—so plagued the assistant to give her some that at last she was offered a spoonful. One beakful, however, was more than enough for Flossie, who promptly took a dive into the duckpond to give herself a good wash.

"The dose has had one gratifying effect," Miss Pat Proctor, the supervisor, told me. "It has quite cured Flossie's inquisitiveness so far as bottles are con-



Flossie takes her medicine

cerned. Whenever she sees one standing about she now gives it a very wide berth!"

Comedian Number 2—Nancy, the lop-eared Anglo-Nubian goat—has for so long consorted with visitors that now this talented animal is actually copying their actions. She not only pushes her way through the turnstile (rearing bolt upright on her hind-legs to do so), but calls every day on Mrs Babs Hampton-Davie, who runs the Children's Zoo kiosk.

### A Regular Customer

"Nancy is almost human," Mrs Davie confessed to me the other day. "She is certainly becoming my most regular—and persistent!—customer. Every morning, as soon as I open up the kiosk, Nancy comes along, rears up and, placing her forefeet on the counter, demands to be fed.

"Most of the things I sell here are periodicals, of course, and though I don't doubt that Nancy, like most goats, would eat them if given the chance, I feel that other kinds of food would be more nourishing! So I now get some green food specially delivered here each morning.

"Nancy is a most amusing creature, but there's no doubt

## PICASSO AMONG THE ANIMALS

THE Exhibition of Modern French Book Illustration, which will remain at the Victoria and Albert Museum throughout the summer, is far gayer than its title and, indeed, is one to delight the youngest reader of the C.N.

Its most amusing artist is Picasso; but not the Picasso whose weird designs called for more explanation than those of Euclid. It is the same man, but it is a playful Picasso who has strolled out into the open air of field and wood and garden to draw the animals that take his fancy. The drawings purport to be illustrations of the massive Natural History of Buffon, written two centuries ago; but nobody need take any notice of that.

What everybody should do is just look at them, and then find that every picture tells a story. A glance at his Horse shows that this is the frisky young colt who has just been let out into the paddock and is kicking up his heels in all the joy of life. Next to him is the Donkey—poor old Neddy—rather dusty and moth-eaten, and sadly in need of a carrot. Farther on is the Bull in the green pasture, nobody to worry him, and nothing to worry about; but almost next door is the Spanish Bull, full of sound and fury as he bounds into the Bull Ring.

In a more domestic picture is the Cat, who has evidently just

swallowed a tit-bit, and puts out the tip of his tongue as he thinks about it; and as a companion portrait is the Dog, a snarling, rough-haired terrier spoiling for a fight. Perhaps he has his eye on the Goat who has wandered unwanted into the garden and is nibbling the tops of the gardener's choicest flowers.

Compared with the Goat the Ram with the curling horns is merely contemplative; but that is not the case with the Wolf—the very wolf that would have eaten Red Riding Hood.

So does the Picasso Zoo continue round the wall. Here is the Lioness, drawn with so few strokes by the Master; the shameless Monkey holding out his paw for a bun; the Cock, emblem of France and crowing with pride; Madame the Hen, his wife, counting the chicks. Then the Turkey bursting with consequence; and the Vulture, with flat head as venomous as that of the Snake; and the Butterfly comparing his gorgeous wings with the blooms of the roses... but we must stop; it is better that everyone should go and see the pictures for themselves—no one will be disappointed.

## Holidays Under Canvas

CAMPING cannot be learned from a book. The authentic flavour of a camping holiday can be tasted only through personal experience.

This is admitted at the beginning of the Ministry of Education's excellent little book called, Organised Camping (Stationery Office, 1s).

Many have learned that a camping holiday, which sounds so jolly, can be a distressing experience if set about in the wrong way. The beginners lightly pitch their camp. Then it begins to rain, and the ground, on which they propose to sleep, becomes a sponge. Or the sun blazes and they are making for that sparkling stream when a farm-worker warns: "Shouldn't touch that water, drainage goes into it farther up. Shouldn't bathe in that pond, missie, tis

a rare dirty old pond that. Drinkin' water? Well, I dare say Mrs Brown at Yew Tree Cottage might let ye have a bucketful—that's about a mile and a half from here.

"Buses? Well, there's a bus stops at the Plough every four hours—that's about four mile down the road. Someone took sick and wants a doctor? Oh dear—oh dear! You'd best walk over to the village and telephone; it's not more than three mile away. Summat t'eat? I couldn't rightly say. Mrs Smith's shop in the village'll be open round about nine tomorrow morning."

The anxieties of explorers in darkest Africa can easily arise in England's green and pleasant land. But they can be avoided by first perusing this very readable and well-illustrated little book.

## PILGRIM'S PROGRESS AS A PAGEANT

FORTUNATE indeed will be those who are able to see the dramatised version of Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, London, next week.

This great stage version of a story which, it has been said, "follows the Bible from land to land as the singing of birds follows the dawn," is sponsored by the Daily Telegraph. It is

Continued from column 1.

about it, she does want watching," added Mrs Davie. "The other day when I had a friend in for a few minutes the door of the kiosk was left unfastened. It was fatal. Before we could turn round, Nancy had entered and helped herself to my friend's hat as well as her lunch-bag, both of which were lying on a chair. The hat we managed to recover, but I'm afraid Nancy got away with the sandwiches." C.H.

being presented to commemorate the 250th anniversary of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.

The whole gripping story of Christian's journey from the City of Destruction to the Celestial City will be told on the stage with music, song, mime, and ballet—all on a vast scale. The Covent Garden Orchestra and Chorus are under the direction of Sir Malcolm Sargent, and the Metropolitan Ballet are taking part. The story has been dramatised by Hugh Ross Williamson; the décor, by Joseph Carl, combines the realistic and the visionary. Performances are from July 19 to July 31.

It seems clear that this bold experiment of dramatising the world's most famous Christian allegory, with every aid to eye and ear that modern artistry can provide, will be one of the great theatrical occasions of the year.

England's outside-right, famed as the wizard of dribble...

## Stanley Matthews

SAYS

"How do YOU cross the road?"



"I'll admit I get a big kick out of dodging through an opposing team's defence. But if you think I believe in dodging through traffic, you're wrong. That's just a mug's game. Backs and halves don't kill you—cars do. Here's the way I cross a road:

- 1 At the kerb—HALT.
- 2 Eyes—RIGHT.
- 3 Eyes—LEFT.
- 4 Glance again—RIGHT.
- 5 If all clear—QUICK MARCH.

"I don't have to run—I just wait until there is a real gap in the traffic before I start.

"To score in Soccer, you often take risks and cut things fine. But traffic's quite different. To be a good Road Navigator, you want to keep alert—but play safe, every time. Do your Kerb Drill as I do. Then you'll be all right, and you won't cause accidents to other people."

Stanley Matthews

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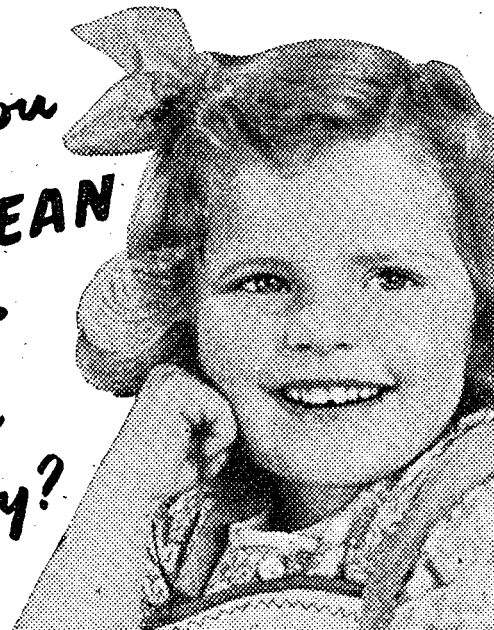
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teeth  
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# THE BRAN TUB

## IN DEMAND

IN a small American town the local police officer was also a veterinary surgeon. One night his wife answered the telephone.

"Do you want my husband in his capacity as policeman or vet?" she asked.

"Both," was the reply. "We can't make our bulldog open its mouth, and there's a burglar in it."

## What is the Country?

THIS country's name, when 'tis reversed,  
You'll find, my friend, will make  
The name—you must have heard  
of it—  
Of quite a famous lake.

Answer next week

## POOR SHOW

WHEN Cyril boasted he could row,  
He made a very sorry show.  
The oars he did grab,  
And then caught a crab,  
So his pride had a damp over-throw.

## Multiplication

IN the following multiplication sum the figures 0 to 9 have been replaced by letters. Can you find the numerical value of each letter?

When they are arranged in numerical order they will spell a word meaning jelly-like.

L G I O E N S U  
A T  
U L L U N O S L  
N E O E I G S T G  
N S S T A O O A L

Answer next week

## BEDTIME CORNER

### Cruise of the Swallow

"I AM going to sail my yacht this morning," announced Geoffrey.

"May I come too?" pleaded Raymond, who thought the Swallow was the most beautiful boat ever built.

But Mother said: "It is cold and windy today; I think Raymond should play in that sheltered place among the rocks. And, Geoffrey, I should advise you to tie a string to your boat; the sea is quite choppy."

Geoffrey said nothing, but determined to do nothing so babyish—tie a string to a racing-yacht, indeed!

Raymond sauntered disconsolately to a tiny stretch of sand behind the rocks. He soon forgot to feel ill-treated; there was a little pool, filled at high-tide from a narrow channel, and he went home for lunch with a bucketful of gleaming shells and plummy seaweed.

"Did the Swallow go well?" Raymond asked his brother eagerly. But Geoffrey's face was very glum, and reluctantly he acknowledged it was his own fault he had lost the Swallow; the poor little craft had been swept far out of his reach until she was lost to sight. "A fishing-boat might find her," suggested Mother. "The fishermen wouldn't

know whose she was," objected Geoffrey dismally.

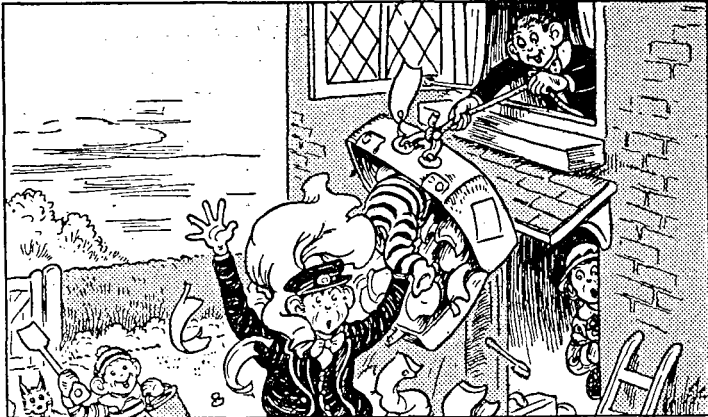
Next morning he went with Raymond to the little pool among the rocks; after all, collecting shells was better than nothing. Suddenly the boys stopped in amazement. Floating on the pool, her sails wet and dragged, her bowsprit broken, her painted sides scratched and dented, was the Swallow!



"She must have been washed through this crevice between the rocks," said Raymond. "It is too wonderful to be true."

"But it is true," answered Geoffrey, tenderly lifting the gallant little yacht from the water. "I can mend her bowsprit, and a coat of paint will make her look like new!"

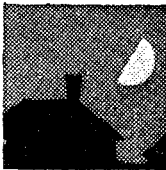
## Jacko on Holiday—Nearly



THE Jacko household was in a terrible flurry. At last the family were going on their holidays. The flurry was caused by Jacko, who had left his packing until the last minute—and now the taxi was here! Even so, all would have been well had Jacko not decided to "help" by lowering his case out of the window. No, the rope did not break, but the locks did, and before you could call "Taxi" the astonished driver was covered with an array of shirts, pyjamas, socks, and so on. Needless to say, the Jacko family missed the train.

## Other Worlds

IN the evening Mars is low in the west, and Jupiter is low in the south-east. In the morning Venus and Mercury are low in the east. The picture shows the Moon at 10 o'clock on Wednesday evening, July 14.



## HE SHOULD KNOW

THE science master asked the class to tell him what they knew of nitrates.

"They are much cheaper than day rates, sir," said Harry, whose father works at the Post Office Telephone Exchange.

## FARMER GRAY EXPLAINS

The Gay Redstart. Like a streak of fire, the bird flashed through the air, and alighted on a nearby bush. Don held his breath; the bird's forehead showed white above a black bib, its back was a bluish-grey, while the under-part of the perpetually-quivering tail was orange.

"No, it had not escaped from an aviary, Don," said Farmer Gray, hearing of the bird. "It was a cock redstart, one of our most beautiful birds. The hen is more soberly clad, rather like a robin, except for the tail, which flashes fire when she flies. Redstarts are also called 'Firetails.'"

## What Your Name Means

Irene . . . messenger of Peace  
Isabel . . . God has sworn  
Ivy . . . clinging  
Jacob, James . . . supplanter  
Jane . . . grace of the Lord

## Children's Hour

BBC Programmes from Wednesday, July 14, to Tuesday, July 20.

WEDNESDAY, 5.0 The Princess with Green Fingers—a play. 5.30 The Voice of the Clock—a talk. North, 5.0 Young Artists; Books Worth Reading. West, 5.0 Folk Songs of All Nations.

THURSDAY, 5.0 Nicholas Thomas Gets Into Trouble Again (5); The Railway Children (End). Midland, 5.15 A Day in Lowestoft; Choir. North, 5.0 Your Camera on Holiday—a talk; Music—a talk; Salvaging a Ship. Scottish, 5.0 Songs; Letter from France. Welsh, 5.30 Sports Roundabout.

FRIDAY, 5.0 The Black Riders.

SATURDAY, 5.0 The Hedgehog in the Fur Coat—a story; The Coloured Coons; How I Learned—Cricket. N. Ireland, 5.0 Irish Stew; Myself and a Crocodile—a talk; Thinking About the Moon—a talk; Songs. West, 5.0 Floretta—a fairy play. 5.40 Camping—a talk.

SUNDAY, 5.0 Verse and Music; Choir. North, 5.0 The Three Toy-makers (Part 1).

MONDAY, 5.0 The Three Mulla Mulgars (3). 5.20 The Yellow Balloon—a story. 5.35 Boyd Neel Talking. Midland, 5.20 Railway Roundabout; Nick Capaldi and his Accordion. N. Ireland, 5.0 Puddy and Bunch Keep House; A Story; Young Writers' Scripts; School Choir; Violin. North, 5.0 Nursery Sing-Song; Commonwealth Affairs; Dutch Sea Scouts.

TUESDAY, 5.0 The Family from One End Street (7). 5.15 Songs. 5.30 Messing About in Boats. 5.45 Sandy Macpherson. North, 5.0 Children's Concert. Scottish, 5.0 The Day We Went to Rothsay.

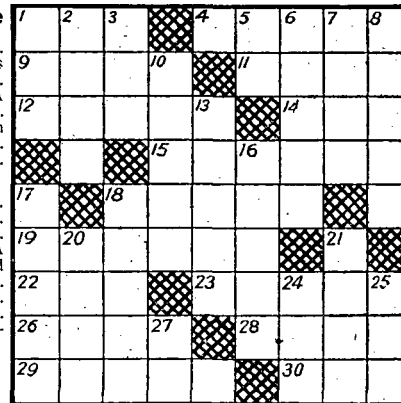
## Cross Word Puzzle

Reading Across. 1 To impair. 4 A leather binder. 9 A musician's composition. 11 A small stream. 12 Part of a flower. 14 Ocean. 15 A wicker container. 18 Kinds of earth. 19 The pivot. 22 Honour for an artist. 23 To turn up with a spade. 26 Similar. 28 To peep. 29 Skins. 30 Before.

Reading Down. 1 To wipe. 2 The peak. 3 A sunken wheel-track. 5 Transpose. 6 Hazards. 7 To leeward. 8 Shallow earthenware vessel. 10 A wooden shoe. 13 A Scottish landed proprietor. 16 Nature's great restorer. 17 Top of the head. 18 A serpent. 20 One of the Great Lakes. 21 Aspert. 24 The sheltered side. 25 To supplement. 27 Electric light.

Asterisks indicate abbreviations

Answer next week



## At the Tennis Club

JACK: Will you make a fourth?  
Joe: Rather!  
Jack: Good! Now all we need is a third.

## Maxim to Memorise

AN ape's an ape, a varlet's a varlet,  
Though they be clad in silk and scarlet.

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